Rotten Apple

Strung Out

Hey tired man I see you walk
alone. The wrinkles on you face, a map
of all your pain.
Your expression becomes an open book
of time, filled with pages of forgotten
hopes.
Good intentions, regret, disillusion with
Life, animosity, unbridled purity.
All these things I swear I see
and your eyes tell me all you could
never be.
So many times I've stared
into the eyes of the young, the old,
the lonely and the wise.
Just to find a glimpse of all I
have not seen
just to find some peace for my
jaded mind.
Don't wanna live my life
by the second hand of a clock that's
long since past me by
You say I've got to stay in line
we'll your line is going nowhere and
so are you.
Choices decisions made smokin' away
the pain inside,
Sit back and watch it all go by
We could never find the peace
of mind we need,
We hid it all away for another day
Sit back everything's gonna be alright.
Rivers of pain map your agin'
skin your expression a journal
of where you've been.
All your dreams and your chances
lost
You walk along that dotted line
do you remember a time
when you used to dream?

Do you remember a time when
you used to live?
All your dreams and chances they're
all gone.
So you gave it all away unable
to say all you wanna say
Look at you now - turned our to be
face of misery
Look at you now a rottin apple's
all I see.

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